

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, July 25, 1889.

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No. 1

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintock.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeal.
Deputy Sheriff, C. V. of Ch. & Co. Court, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com. to Ch. Ct., C. E. Beard, Pres., S. P. Hannah, D. P. Moore.
Ch. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, the first Monday in June and the first Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is very term.

C. F. MOORE.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTOCK.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

H. S. RUCKER.

Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public.

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBuckle.

Attorney-at-Law.

Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KIRK.

Atty.-at-Law.

Beverly, W. Va.
Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. ANDER.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

D. E. J. WEYMOUTH.

RESIDENT DENTIST.

Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

D. R. S. P. PATTERSON.

Physician & Surgeon.

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D. R. S. P. PATTERSON.

ALONE.

I miss you, my darling, my darling,
The others burn low on the hearth;
And still is the air of the household
And hushed in the voice of the mirth;
The rain patters fast on the terrace,
The wind rustles the lattice screen,
The midnight chimes come from the min-
are.

And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling;
I am tired with care and with fret;
I would rest in silence beside you,
And all but your presence forget;
In the hush of the happiness given
To those who through trusting have
crossed
To the bliss of love in contentment;
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling!
My voice echoes back on the hearth;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And, lo! they fall empty apart;
I whisper the sweet words you taught
me.
The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the darkness and bitter,
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling!
With the yearning my very heart
ache.
The load that divides us weighs harder;
I should rather be far from you,
Old sorrows rise up to beset me.
Oh, doubt me my spirit's truth,
Oh, doubt me through the darkness and save
me
For I am alone.

—Robert J. Burdette.

Highland Nora.

A rosy, cheeked lass, with great
gray eyes and white dimpled arms,
was gaily singing, as she wielded
the churn-dasher.
Hear what Highland Nora said:
"The Earle's son I will not wed."

"Do you mean that, Nora?"
A young man thrust his head
and shoulders in at an open win-
dow, resting his elbows on the low,
old-fashioned sill.

"Do you mean it, Nora?" he re-
peated. Nora started in well-figh-
ed surprise, and the pink blood dyed
cheek and brow.

"Of course, 'no," said she
promptly, adding, "just as did that
other Nora."

But the hint was entirely thrown
away, for the young man only an-
swered:

"Did she I never read the poem
But I have been thinking, Nora—"
"Indeed! Is it such a strange
thing for the young 'quire to
think?" the girl interrupted saucily.

"Don't laugh at me, my darling,"
said he, not heeding the indignant
flash of the gray eyes. "You have
said the same thing a great many
times before, but somehow I always
thought you did not mean it, and
that you did love me, in spite of all.
Now, Nora, I ask you for the last
time, will you marry me?"

Nora did not answer; she was
busy taking the butter out of the
churn. As she placed it on the ta-
ble she turned, facing him.

"I beg your pardon—what did
you say? I was busy."

The young man let his lips with
revelation, but repeated his ques-
tion.

Placing her hands behind her,
assuming an attitude of defiance,
Nora sang:

Hear what Highland Nora said:
"The Earle's son I will not wed,
Thou art all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I;
For all the gold, for all the gear,
For all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earle's son!"

"But I meant it, Nora," he plead-
ed.

"And I, too—just as did that
other Nora."

Gay Earle turned his face away
and closed his lips tightly a mo-
ment.

"Very well; I will never ask you
again," said he, mildly.

The rich color faded from Nora's
face, but she turned away from him
and went to her work, and said no more.

"Ah, that will be something new!
I really don't see what you will find
to talk of however."

Guy remained silent a short time
then he spoke in an entirely differ-
ent tone—one that made the girl
stare in astonishment, in masterful
it was.

"Nora! I shall take you boasting
this afternoon."

She hesitated.

"I did think of gathering ferns;
but I'll go," she added, gracefully,
as she thought of his words, "I will
never ask you again."

"Thank you."

"Did he mean it?" the girl won-
dered as she watched him out of
sight. "The goose! Why doesn't
he read the poem and see what the
other Nora meant?"

Meanwhile, Guy was saying:
"I know Nora loves me; she only
wants to torment me. Never mind,
my lady! I'll change the manner
of my siege, and be commander-in-
chief a while; you have occupied
that position quite long enough." Then
an amused smile broke from his
lips. "How surprised she looked
at my commanding tone! I ex-
pected her to refuse me."

After dinner, Nora donned her
prettiest dress, a dainty gray, with
ribbons the color of the sweet lips.
Tying on her wide brimmed hat,
she thought: "I'll take my zinc-lin-
ed box for ferns, there are such
lovely ones on the island. There,"
giving a parting nod to the face in
the mirror, "you'll make him ask
you again, my dear, this very after-
noon," she said, and smiling at her
own conceit, tripped away.

She was purposely late.

It won't do for me to think I
am too anxious to go," she had
said.

To her surprise Guy was not
there, anxiously pacing the sands
and wondering at her delay.

"Where can he be?" she wonder-
ed. "I never knew him to be late
before."

She waited nearly half an hour,
expecting the young man every mo-
ment, then she grew angry.

"How lucky I brought my fern
case! I'll go into the woods and
pretend that I never came here at
all."

Saying this, she turned to enter
the forest, but hearing the tramp
of horses drew back, hidden by the
bushes. To her surprise they stop-
ped quite near where she was hid-
den; she could see the animals, but
not their riders. Suddenly a woman
and a voice said:

"Guy you are sure your love is
lasting?"

"Of course, Elsie; I should not
have spoken of it otherwise," said
the rich voice, Nora knew so well.

Parting the bushes she looked
through them eagerly. Yes, it was
Guy! But the lovely creature by
his side—who was she?

Nora thought her the most beau-
tiful woman she had ever seen.
But she was speaking again. The
girl moved forward a few steps to
her neighbor to listen.

"How pretty the Hudson is to-
day! So how easily it flows—as
if there were no such things as
heartaches and disappointments."

Guy took the tiny hand that was
lent on his arm.

"We will be happy yet, Elsie," he
said.

As they turned the corner broke
and started homeward, Nora's
face was pale and set.

"How dare he?" she cried. Then
she moved brokenly, "Oh, my
lord, why did you take me at my
word? I did not know you had
known her long ago, he called. Ah,

and said they would yet be hap-
py. He has only been trifling with
me," she thought miserably, as she
walked slowly homeward.

When she reached the gate she
heard the sound of strange voices
in the house and saw the marks of
carriage wheels. Before she could
slip around to the back door a
young man ran down the steps
holding out both hands.

"This is cousin Nora, I am sure,"
said he, smiling eagerly.

Nora brightened instantly.

"You are my cousin, Laurence
Norton, are you not?"

"Since you recognize me, allow
me a cousin's privilege," he said;
and stooping kissed her on the
cheek.

The sound of footsteps caused
her to turn her head just in time to
see Guy's pale face, as if transfig-
ed by astonishment, then turn ha-
sily and stride away.

This little episode was not ob-
served by Cousin Laurence, who
was in the best of spirits all the
evening; Nora was not so gay.

"What will Guy think of me?"
she pondered. "But I am glad he
saw it. And I do hope, after what
I heard this afternoon, that he will
never, never read 'Highland Nora.'"

Cousin Laurence, said she, lat-
ter in the evening, "don't tell any
one you are my cousin while you
are here; I need a cavalier to accom-
pany me in my rambles, and beside,
I want revenge on somebody."

Of course Laurence was delight-
ed to act as his cousin's escort, and
henceforth she was seldom seen
without him. When they chanced
to meet Guy, Nora bowed grace-
fully, for she thought, I can afford to
be magnanimous, as I am victor."

She learned from the current gossip
that a lady and gentleman were
visiting at the Hall, distant rela-
tives, the servant said, and that
the lady was very wealthy. Guy
himself Nora had not spoken to
since that morning in the dairy.

In a few weeks an invitation
came for Nora and her guest to
attend a picnic given in honor of
the young lady at the Hall. The
party were to go up the river about
two miles, a skiff, and cross over
to the opposite side. Here the
woods had been cleared of under-
brush, the green grass was thickly
matted together, and all around
the flowers and ferns grew in abun-
dant.

When Nora and Laurence arriv-
ed Guy and the strange lady had
gone to the spring a short distance
away, and Nora hurried Laurence
off ere they returned. He accom-
panied her reluctantly, for he had
some curiosity concerning the man
he was sure his cousin loved.

Fern gathering seems to be a
perfect mania with you, Nora," he
remarked, presently.

"Oh, I don't care if I never see
a fern; I just do want to meet that
stranger," Nora said quickly.

"I thought we were invited ac-
cording to meet her?"

"Have you I have been?" she
exclaimed. "So we were! Let us
go back."

They turned to retrace their steps
and came face to face with Guy and
the fair stranger. Guy introduced
her to Nora as Miss Benton. Nora
bowed coldly, but the lady held out
her hand.

"Guy has spoken of you so often,
Miss Nora, that I feel as if I had
always known you. I am sure we
shall be the best of friends."

Nora was not so sure of that; but
she could only murmur something
supposed to be a polite reply.

But when her cheek was intro-

duced, Nora was greatly surprised
at the glad light that flashed into
his eyes, while Miss Benton's pink
cheeks changed to deepest crimson.

They shook hands, and Laurence
turned to his cousin, saying briefly:
"We have met before." Then af-
ter Miss Benton's arm, which
she accepted, they walked away,
leaving Guy and Nora together.

They stood looking at each other
in puzzled silence; then, as the fun-
ny side of the situation struck Nora,
she burst into a merry laugh, in
which Guy joined.

The laugh seemed to relieve their
embarrassment.

"Nora, may I walk back to the
landing place with you?" asked
Guy.

"It seems that you must," she
said, laughing. "It is a matter of
necessity, not choice. I wonder
where they met before?"

"No matter since they have given
me the opportunity I have been
seeking for so long."

"And I?" said Nora, interrupting,
"want to apologize for not going
boating that afternoon. I changed
my mind, and went for ferns in-
stead."

Guy looked at her in astonish-
ment.

"Did you not go?"

Nora flushed, but said, smiling:
"Did you find me at the meeting
place?"

"No," said Guy, bravely, "for I
was not there. When I reached
home, after leaving your house that
morning, I found that Cousin Elsie
and her father had arrived. She
wished very much to take a ride
that afternoon, and I felt in duty
bound to accompany her. I took
an extra horse with us as far as
your house, intending to invite you
to join us, but you were not at
home. Since then I have sought
an opportunity to apologize in
vain."

A great load seemed lifted from
Nora's heart.

"She is your cousin?"

"My only cousin," said Guy.
"Your guest is a very handsome
man," he added, presently.

"You mean Cousin Laurence? Yes,
he is handsome."

Guy turned like a flash, and, tak-
ing Nora's hand exclaimed:

"What a blind, jealous fool I
have been! I saw him kiss you
Nora, and I thought—"

"Never mind what you thought.
Let us hurry; we shall be late to
luncheon."

She walked off rapidly.

"Nora," said Guy, as he overtook
her, since Cousin Elsie came I have
been reading Scott's poems."

She gave him a haughty glance, and
sliding on a large stone—that
seemed to have been placed there
for the express purpose, Guy said
afterward—covered her face with
both hands.

Guy dropped the fern box which
he had taken in charge and took
those trembling hands in one of
his, placing the other beneath the
dimpled chin, then he lifted her
face till the sweet gray eyes met
his. What he saw there must have
satisfied him, for he bent his head
and kissed her.

"Guy," said Nora, presently, "to-
day is not the first in which I have
seen your cousin."

Then she told him of the conver-
sation she had overheard.

"You can, pet," said Guy, looking
longingly into the gray eyes. "El-
sie is a good girl; but never let
her be so jealous, for she is not
but her father's selfishness has been
fed by her anger. I will give you
[Continued on fourth page.]



WOLF & CARROLL, PHOTODUPLICA

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Financial Statement

For the Year 1889.

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